

## In a Lose, Lose Situation

Emery

Don't be late  
There's no time to be afraid  
There's a way  
To clean up the mess you've made

If I could tell the truth  
Or lie would I attempt the two at the same time  
Expect you to apologize for trying  
To make me so up tight  
Don't say it's just a game we play  
I can't lose the taste

If you regulate how the blood is pumping  
Through the veins from my heart into my head  
In time this blood supply  
Will change me from red to white  
Every thought that you know I'm thinking  
May as well be the knife stuck in my back  
This taxing fever makes me gravitate to this place

This is still my life  
Not yours to define

(Anyone in their right mind would never let you inside  
Anyone in their right mind)  
I've broken ties with the neighborhood  
Feeling like a bum in the city  
Waking only to take a drink  
From an empty glass of nothing good  
Then sinking like a stone in the sea  
Without the oxygen I need

Deciding as I wait for air to entertain  
Careful not to (to breathe in [3x])  
The right time and the right way to elevate  
Careful not to (to breathe in [3x])  
To breathe in the air that so proudly puts to death  
My own Fathers name  
I remember when your hand started shaking  
There's a better way  
To clean up the mess you've been making